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FREE IN
ISSUE 24
Spooky
Pop-up



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THE SPINECHILLER
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Canada
Terror Trip

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Wolverden Tower:
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PUZZLES
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The STORM



arl Davis opened the map. "I think we've missed the
turning, Dad." He looked up at a sign as it flashed
past. "I think we should have come off at that last
turning."

"May I see the map, please?" his mother asked.


Carl handed it over for her to study in the fading light.

"He's right," she said finally.

"Oh, great!" Jessica, Carl's older sister, groaned. She looked
out at the leaden sky as raindrops began to splat against the
windscreen. "Now we'll never get there," she whined.

"Don't worry," their dad said. "We'll take the next exit and
double back."





More than an hour later, Mr Davis drove over a rickety bridge across a rain-swollen stream. Through the trees, a small village came into view. In the drizzle and gathering darkness, it looked eerie and uninviting.

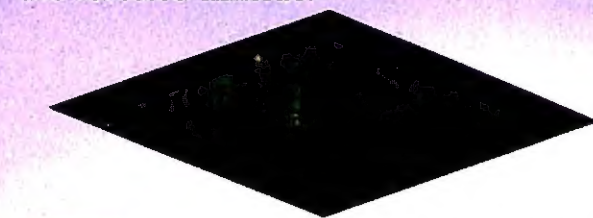
The shops along the main street were all closed. The village looked forsaken. Jessica said what everyone else was thinking. "Perhaps this wasn't such a good idea. Maybe we should stay in the Traveller's Rest by the motorway."

"I'm afraid we don't have a choice." Mr Davis looked down at the dashboard. "We don't have much petrol and that petrol station over there is closed. Let's just find the inn and stay for tonight. If we don't like it, we can leave in the morning."

Carl had the strange feeling that the village wasn't deserted at all. He squinted into the gloom, certain that someone was watching them. He shivered.

"Look! There's a light," Mrs Davis said. "That must be it." Through the heavy rain they could see a dim glow a few hundred metres up the hill. Mr Davis turned at the next corner and headed up the slippery hill. A sudden flash of lightning cracked across the sky, and for a moment the

landscape was bathed in a ghostly light. A Victorian building was hunched against the forested hillside.



Mrs Davis took a deep breath. "Let's make a run for it."

Carl grabbed his bag. "Last one in is a drowned rat!" he yelled, running through the pelting rain towards the lighted porch. He climbed up the steps and under the overhang. When he turned to wait for the others, something caught his eye. A figure slipped from the edge of the porch into the darkness. But that was impossible. Who, or what, would go out into a storm like this? Still, something about what he had seen seemed oddly familiar. Suddenly, he was aware of his dad behind him, holding the door.

"C'mon, son. This is no time to daydream."

Carl took one last look over his shoulder then, shrugging, he stepped inside and was startled by the light. The entrance hall was warm and cheerful – not what he had expected. A pleasant, grey-haired woman in a floral dress greeted them.

"Oh, good heavens," she cried. "This is not a night for travelling. Come in, come in. There's a warm fire in the lounge. I'm Mrs Reese... Ellen. Welcome to Dark Acres Inn. We didn't think you'd make it tonight, so I don't have dinner prepared, but I can put together something hot in no time."

"That sounds great," said Mrs Davis. "But could we get changed first? We're drenched."

"Oh, gracious, yes. I did prepare rooms. My husband will get you settled. Albert!" she called. "Our guests have arrived."

Albert, a tall, kindly man with thick, white hair, helped the family with their bags.

"Do you have a grand-daughter?" Carl asked, suddenly.

The man looked at him. "No. What makes you ask?"

Carl nodded towards the door. "When I was outside, I thought I saw someone step off the porch. I thought it might be your grand-daughter."

The two older people glanced at each other. Mrs Reese nervously fingered the collar of her dress. "Sometimes the lightning can make you think you've seen things that aren't there."

Mr Reese picked up a couple of bags. "Now, we mustn't let you catch cold. Follow me." He led them along the hallway and opened the doors to three rooms. "If you don't like these, you can take your pick of the rest," he said. "There's no one else staying at the moment."

"These will be fine," said Mr Davis.



Alone in his room, Carl opened his bag. He pulled out dry clothes, but he didn't change straight away. Instead, he turned off the light and stood at the window, staring out into the night. Outside, tree branches tossed violently in the rising wind. Lightning flashed. "No one could be out there on a night like this," he whispered, then switched the light back on and changed quickly.

But when he looked into the mirror, he froze. In the reflection, he could see the window behind him. The sad eyes of a pale young girl gazed in at him from outside.



Slowly she raised her tiny hand and knocked on the glass.

Carl whirled around to face the window, but now there was nothing but a wind-whipped branch beating against the glass. Another flash of lightning showed him there was nothing there, and Carl bolted out of the room and down to the lounge. As he reached the hallway, he slowed down. How would he explain what he had seen? He didn't want everyone to think he was scared. Maybe it was just a trick of light caused by the weather.

By the time he joined his family and the Reeses, Carl had almost convinced himself that nothing had happened... until he saw Jessica's face. She kept glancing at the French doors, which opened on to a terrace.

Carl's dad smiled at him. "Mr Reese was just telling us about the area. There's

a dam up at the top of this valley with a lake behind it. If it stops raining tomorrow, maybe we can go and have a picnic."

"Sounds great, Dad," Carl answered, but like Jessica, he couldn't stop looking at the French doors. They looked so fragile. If there really were something outside, those doors wouldn't be strong enough to keep it out.

Carl helped himself to a sandwich and a mug of hot soup, then sat by the fire near his sister. As the others talked, he whispered to her, "Did you see anything strange upstairs?"

Wide-eyed, she looked at him. "No. Well... not exactly. That is, I didn't see anything, but I had this spooky feeling that I was being watched. I don't like this place. Did you see anything?"

Carl decided not to frighten his sister. "No," he lied. "It's just weird here."

Jessica's hand shook as she reached for her mug. "This place is so old. Do you think it could be haunted?" Her gaze flickered toward the French doors. "I feel that we're not as alone here as we think."

After they had eaten, the family went back to their rooms. Despite the strange happenings, Carl soon fell sound asleep. But whatever was haunting his waking thoughts seemed to have found its way into his dreams as well.

At first, his dream was pleasant. He was in a field near the inn on a warm summer day. He could feel the sun on his face and hear the laughter of a young girl. She began to sing a familiar song, but after a moment the song turned to a kind of moan, almost like the sound of the wind. The moan rose to a cry... a cry for help. He tried to reach the girl, but the ground turned to thick mud. He was sinking

deeper and deeper, until finally he couldn't breathe. All the while he could hear sobs and cries... the cries of many people in terror.



Carl sat up, fully awake, and gazed out of the window straight into a pair of mournful eyes. It was the ashen face of the girl he'd seen earlier. She opened her mouth as if to speak, but Carl heard only the crash of thunder. The girl curled her fingers at the base of the window, trying to open it, and then her eyes met Carl's again.

As if in a dream, Carl felt he had to do what the strange girl wanted. He got up slowly and moved towards the window. The girl's eyes glittered as Carl touched the metal latch. Suddenly, a bolt of lightning lit up the sky, and Carl saw that there were dozens of figures outside in the storm. They were all dressed in 19th-century



clothes, and they were moving towards the inn as if their feet weren't quite touching the ground. A tremendous crack of thunder drowned out Carl's scream as he backed away, turned and raced into the hallway. He screamed again as he crashed into his sister. She was shaking violently.

"There's something out there, Carl!"

"I saw them, too! We've got to get Mum and Dad!" He flung open the door to his parents' room but it was empty.

Carl and Jessica ran down into the lounge. Their relief on finding their parents lasted only a moment. When Mr Davis looked up, his face was strained. Mr Reese was fiddling with a radio, but was only getting static.

"Bad news, kids."

Mr Davis said. "It seems that all the heavy rain and strong winds have weakened the dam. There have

been reports on the radio that everyone below has been evacuated, but the stream has flooded out the road. There's no way we can get out - but Mr Reese says we're on high ground and we shouldn't be in danger."

Mrs Davis stared into Carl's face, then Jessica's. "What's the matter?"

Carl glanced at his sister. "We saw something... people... outside. They were dressed like in a history book. They were all around the inn."

Mr Reese turned the radio off. Mrs Reese finally broke the silence. "It's them, Albert. They're here for us."

"What is she talking about?" Mrs Davis asked nervously.

Albert Reese rubbed his eyes and smoothed his hair back. "Nothing. It's just an old story."

"If you don't tell them, Albert, I will," the old woman said.

Mr Reese began speaking slowly. "This isn't the first inn to stand here. There was another one before the flood of 1885. A man and his wife ran it. They had a little girl and boy who were inseparable. Then came the storm. It was as bad as this one, or worse. The people in the town below were worried about the dam. The story is that they took shelter up here, but it didn't do them any good."

Mrs Reese walked to the fireplace and took down a photograph from the mantelpiece.

Mr Reese continued. "It seems the dam did break, and it was worse than anybody thought it would be."

The water raged down this valley with a vengeance. It washed away the inn. There wasn't a single survivor."

He sighed heavily. "Some think that when people die violently like that, they don't rest. Some folks here in the valley say that when it rains they can hear the moans of the dead on the wind. But those were good, hardworking people. I don't see why they would want to harm anyone."

"You're not telling me you believe in ghosts?" Mr Davis asked with surprise.

"I grew up around here," the old man answered. "There have been times when the rain was really bad and the wind howled through the trees like... well, I'm not one to scoff."

"This is the family that owned the inn."



Mrs Reese handed them the photograph. It was of a man and woman in turn-of-the-century clothes. Sitting in front of them were a boy and girl holding hands.

"Oh, my goodness!" Jessica gasped. "Carl, the boy looks just like you!"

Carl said nothing. He stared at the face of the girl. It was the same face that had gazed in through the window.



A bolt of lightning crackled. Seconds later, thunder shook the inn as if it were trying to pound it to the ground.

The lights went out, so the lounge was lit only by the flickering fire. A tremendous gust of wind crashed open the French doors and rain poured in, but no one went to close them. Standing just outside the door was something that had once been a pretty little girl.

Her now dull blond curls hung limply around her pale face and her sodden dress was streaked with mud. A little way away, on either side of her, were others who appeared to have shared her fate.

The girl's eyes locked on to Carl's as she raised her small hand and beckoned him to follow her. Without thinking, he began to walk towards the doorway.

"Carl! No!" His mother grabbed at him, but he slipped out into the downpour. The wind ripped at his clothes and the rain drenched him, but he was no longer in control. He had to go with her. Slipping and sliding in the mud, he struggled up the hillside after the phantom girl.

"We've got to stop him! Carl!" his mother screamed.

"Come on," Mr Reese said to Mr Davis. "We'll stop him." The two men ran out into the downpour. Suddenly, the front

door slammed open. Apparently floating just above the ground, several figures came in and drifted towards the lounge.

Jessica shrieked, clutching at her mother in terror. "Mum, what are they? What do they want?" Mrs. Davis picked up a lamp from the table and threw it at the spectres, but they kept advancing. The air was thick with the smell of damp earth and mildew.

"We've got to get out," said Mrs Reese. She threw a blanket around Jessica's shoulders, and they ran into the storm. Driven by fear, they climbed higher up the slippery hillside.

Far above, Carl stumbled to his knees. He tried to get up but something had him by the ankle. The rain had eased and the sky had begun to lighten with the approaching dawn. Carl looked down and saw that his father was gripping him

tightly. "No, Dad!" he squirmed. "Let me go. I've got to go to her."

Suddenly, Carl heard distant thunder, and he realised that the ground was shaking. The roaring grew louder as Mrs Reese, Mrs Davis and Jessica scrambled up the hill. Seconds later, a raging wall of water tore through the valley below. It ripped up trees and sent boulders flying. The mud-choked waters fell on the inn like a savage beast and ripped it to pieces.

The six people huddled against the hillside, safe. The phantoms stood below at the edge of the swirling water, and as the day grew brighter, they faded into the flood, one by one.

"Heaven preserve us," Mrs Reese said, clutching her husband. "If it hadn't been for them, we would have been in there!" Carl looked up at the fading form of the girl. She held out her hand and smiled.

THE END



OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Indonesia has countless islands, full of myth, magic, poltergeists and strange happenings...



'SLOW' STONES OF SUMATRA

In 1903, when Indonesia was known as the Dutch East Indies, Dutch engineer W Grottendiek lived near the jungle of Sumatra in a traditional house. Its roof was thatched with large, overlapping leaves.

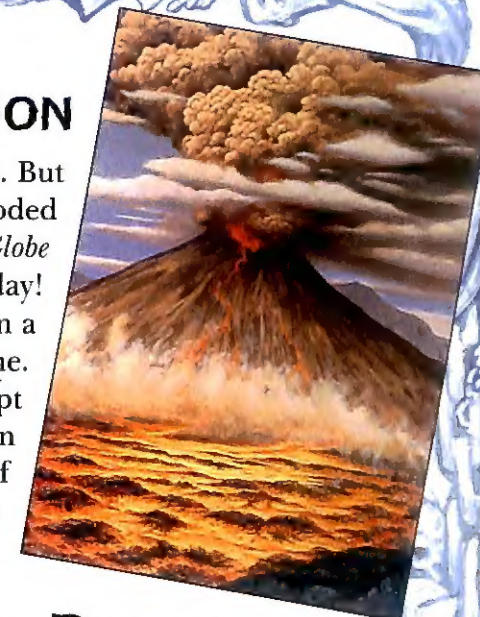
One night, he was awoken by the sound of things hitting the floor. He was chilled to discover that small black stones, up to 2cm long, were falling *slowly* through the roof in a *curved* line! The stones even seemed to change direction to avoid his grasp! After hovering spookily in the air, the stones hit the floor with an unnaturally loud bang. Mr G then found that the stones were hot! When his servant boy checked the roof outside, he found that the stones had fallen straight through the thatch without making a single hole!

Stone-throwing is often blamed on poltergeists – mischievous spirits who seem to focus on young people. It's likely that the servant boy, rather than Mr Grottendiek, was the one attracting the weird, unwanted attention.



DREAM OF DESTRUCTION

In 1883, news travelled very slowly round the world. But when the volcano on the tiny island of Krakatoa exploded in a massive eruption on 28 August, the *Boston Globe* newspaper in the USA carried the story the next day! Reporter Ed Samson had based his report entirely on a dream – a fact the newspaper didn't know at the time. Samson's report was accurate in every detail, except that he'd called the island Pralape. It was then discovered that the volcano-destroyed island of Krakatoa had had its name changed 150 years earlier. And what had its ancient name been? Pralape!



A WAKE TO REMEMBER

In Bali, mass cremations often take place several years after a person has died. The body is dug up from its temporary grave and wrapped up in conveniently sized parts. These are transported to the burial ground, accompanied by a priest, at the top of a decorated tower which can be five metres tall! These funeral processions look very like a carnival, with dancers, musicians, and tower-bearers. At the burial ground, body parts are slid down silken chutes from the tower to the ground. Relatives catch them and place them in an animal-shaped casket on a canopied funeral pyre. As many as 25 pyres are lit at the same time, creating a huge blaze with thick, black smoke. Then, as the fires die down, thousands of mourners start the mega-party – or 'wake' – that may have taken several years to organise!



THE MODEL DEAD

The Torajan people of Sulawesi ensure their dead loved ones are never forgotten by creating life-sized, fully-clothed models of them. These are placed alongside countless others on balconied ledges high on the cliffs, near to the burial caves. Seen from afar, this eerie throng of carved figures look hauntingly like the 'undead'.



SPICE OF LIFE

A friend of a friend's widowed grandfather had visited Indonesia as a young man...



1 When he retired, he surprised everyone by taking off to the Indonesian spice islands of Maluku.

DEPARTURES



2 His postcards described the fantastic spices that grew there. He promised to send some to his daughter, a keen cook.



3 When a parcel arrived from Indonesia, the family gathered round to see what Grandpa had sent home. It was a beautiful jar containing an exotic spice.



4 The spice was in powdered form, with an unusual aroma. The jar wasn't labelled and Mum declared that she had never tasted anything like it.



5 She used it on pizzas, in curries, on jacket potatoes, in soups and sprinkled on everyone's breakfast fried eggs.



6 Just as the last of Grandpa's great spice was used up, a letter was delivered from the family solicitor.



7 The letter informed her that her father had died peacefully in his sleep, and that his ashes were being sent to her by the Indonesian authorities. The solicitor had no idea when the ashes would arrive.



8 The woman's eyes widened as she realised that she'd been spicing up the family's food with her dead dad...



9...and her family felt pretty sick when they were told that they'd eaten every last sprinkle of their dear Grandpa's ashes!





TERROR IN AMITYVILLE

Special Investigation File: 23

Subject: a 'haunted' house

Place: Amityville, New York, USA

SpineChiller creates a file

MURDER TRIAL NOTES

Place: 112 Ocean Avenue, Amityville, USA
Murder victims: Ronald DeFeo Senior, Louise DeFeo (wife), Allison and Dawn DeFeo (daughters), Mark and John DeFeo (sons)

Accused: Ronald DeFeo Junior, 23 years old
Events: on the morning of 14 November 1974, Ronald DeFeo Junior rushed into a bar near his home, shouting that his family had been murdered in their beds by an intruder. But DeFeo himself was arrested for the murders. The motive was a \$200,000 life insurance policy and money hidden in the house safe. DeFeo's lawyer, William Weber, tried to prove that his client was insane. But the jury found him sane and guilty of murder. He was sentenced to life imprisonment.

Evidence no: 23/1
The arrest of Ronald DeFeo Junior

January 1976

Dear Solene

The house where those terrible murders took place was up for sale for a year, even though the agents were charging only \$80,000 for six bedrooms and a heated swimming pool! But a family finally bought it just before Christmas. They are George and Kathy Lutz and Kathy's three children, Christopher, Daniel and 5-year-old Melissa, nicknamed Missy. Let's hope they'll be really happy there.

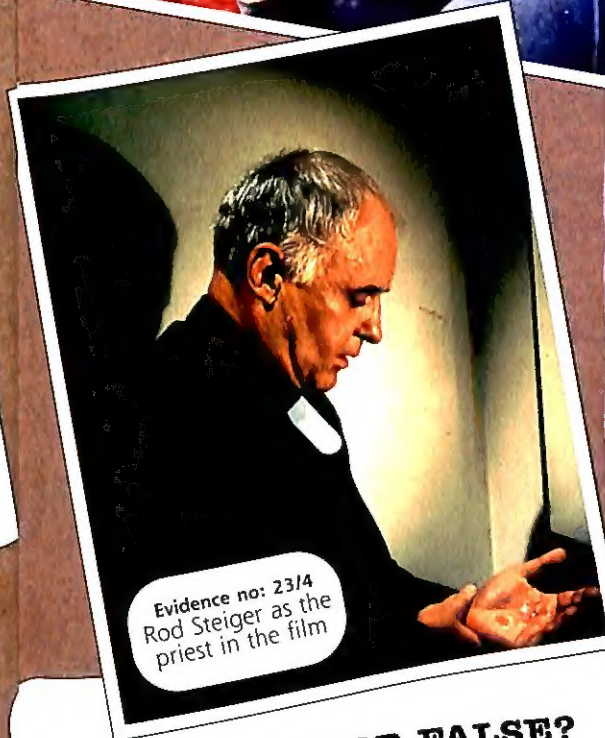
All best wishes

Nancy

Evidence no: 23/2
The house in the 1979 film 'The Amityville Horror'



Evidence no: 23/3
James Brolin as George Lutz in 'The Amityville Horror'



Evidence no: 23/4
Rod Steiger as the priest in the film

TRUE OR FALSE?

Many people wrote about the Amityville story, but they reached very different conclusions.

- 1 George Lutz gave his own account in the 'Long Island Press'. He insisted every word was true.
- 2 In 1978, journalist Jay Anson published a book, 'The Amityville Horror'. Based on interviews with George, it was made into a film a year later. It told of policemen who had investigated the events, and of a Catholic priest who had been frightened away.
- 3 A report published by the Parapsychology Institute of America stated: "We found no evidence ... of a 'haunted house'. What we did find was a couple who had purchased a house that they could not economically afford."
- 4 Rick Moran and Peter Jordan spoke to people mentioned in 'The Amityville Horror' and found their accounts did not match those given in the book.
- 5 Catholic priest Father Pecorara (called Father Mancuso in Anson's book) sued the Lutzes for distorting his involvement in the case.

DIARY OF DANGER

According to the Lutzes, their new house was haunted. Kathy and George saw a mysterious hooded figure several times, while 'Missy' befriended a phantom pig that left its footprints in the snow. The family also claimed many other scary events took place. These are just a few:

Dec 22 Hundreds of flies were found in the house in winter, when they should have been dead!

Dec 26 Kathy smelled perfume in the kitchen, then felt someone pat her.

Jan 5 George heard music and marching feet. The furniture moved and Kathy floated out of bed in her sleep.

Jan 7 Slashes mysteriously appeared on Kathy's face, then went away again.

Jan 9 Green slime oozed from the ceiling.

Jan 10 Marks appeared on Kathy's body.

Jan 13-14 A hurricane hit Amityville. The house heating went very high, then very low. Green slime reappeared. Kathy began to sleepwalk. Furniture moved. Terrified, the family fled from the house.

Evidence no: 23/5
A 'ghoul' from a later film based on the Amityville story



CONCLUSION

When George Lutz arrived in Amityville he was deeply in debt, stressed and depressed. His state of mind may have caused him to see and hear things. Kathy's skin problems may also have been due to nerves.

Alternatively, the hauntings may have been a hoax. Ronald DeFeo's lawyer wanted to get his client a new trial. He knew that if he could prove that the Amityville house drove people mad, his case would be helped. So, according to his own account, he and George Lutz had "created this horror story over many bottles of wine..."

Confidential



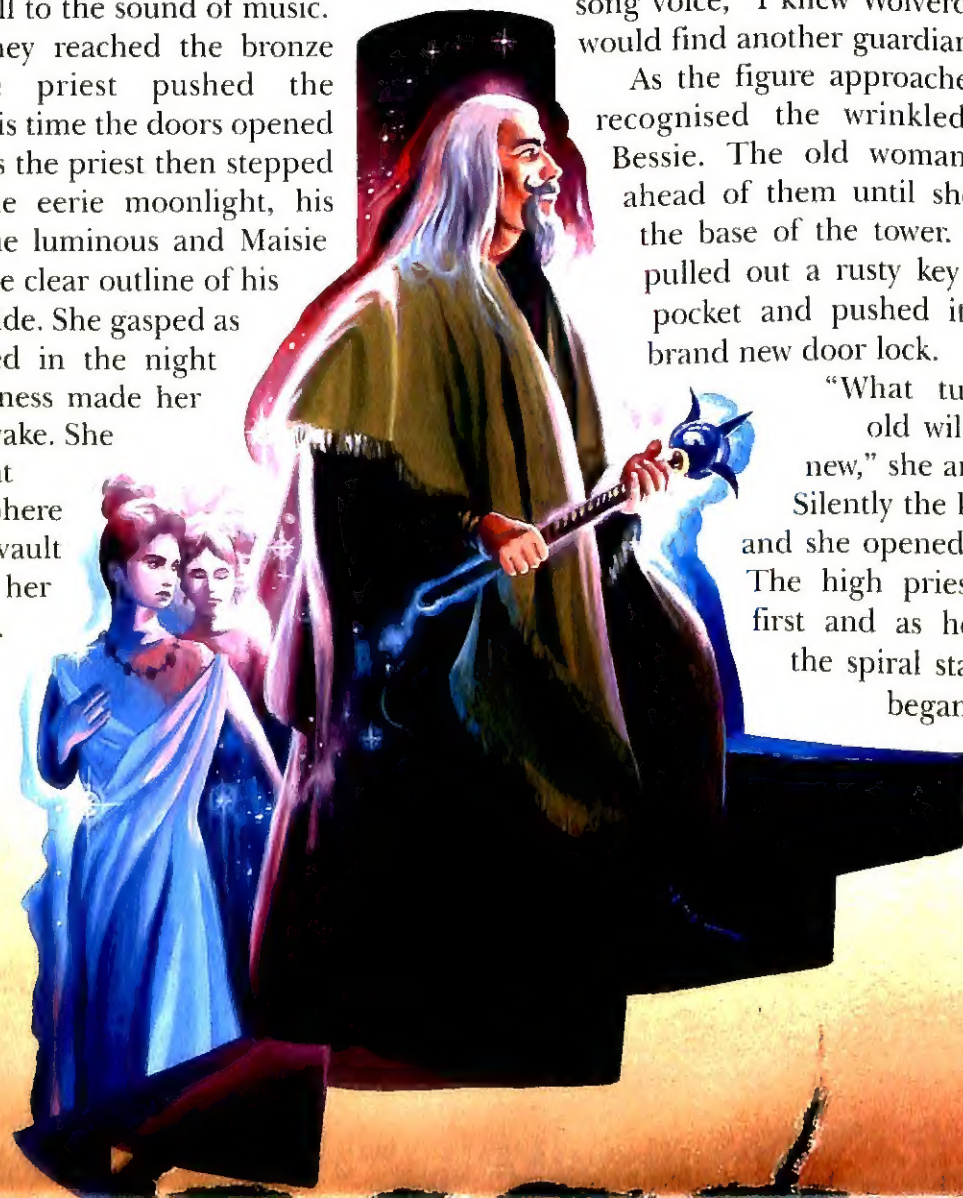
Chapter 2

Wolverden Tower

Retold from a story by Grant Allen

As the high priest got up from his throne, strange music swept through the underground palace. Maisie thought that she could hear flute-like instruments, drums and reed pipes, but there was no sign of any musicians. Hedda and Yolande, with Maisie in between, stood behind the priest. His attendants formed two rows behind them as they moved into the huge hall to the sound of music.

When they reached the bronze doors, the priest pushed the handles. This time the doors opened outwards. As the priest then stepped out into the eerie moonlight, his body became luminous and Maisie could see the clear outline of his skeleton inside. She gasped as she breathed in the night air. Its coolness made her feel wide awake. She realised that the atmosphere inside the vault had made her very drowsy.



The snow lay deeper on the ground now, and as the group made its way towards the tower, Maisie glanced back at the house. She could see that a light was still burning in her bedroom. When she turned back again, she was startled to see a bent figure emerging from the darkness of the church porch.

"I knew she would come," said a sing-song voice, "I knew Wolverden Tower would find another guardian."

As the figure approached, Maisie recognised the wrinkled face of Bessie. The old woman shuffled ahead of them until she reached the base of the tower. Then she pulled out a rusty key from her pocket and pushed it into the brand new door lock.

"What turned the old will turn the new," she announced. Silently the key turned and she opened the door. The high priest entered first and as he climbed the spiral staircase, he began to chant.

Maisie realised with a shock that she could no longer understand the Language of the Dead. Yolande and Hedda held her hands, and, using human language, encouraged her to climb.

Although the staircase was dark, the bodies of the climbers seemed to fill it with a bright light. Maisie walked up as though in a trance. She could hear the bells chiming, but as she passed the belfry, she noticed that they were not moving.

At the very top of the stairs there was a ladder that led to a trapdoor. Suddenly Maisie felt that she could climb no more. As she glanced back down the staircase, she caught sight of old Bessie looking up at her with a horrible grin on her face.

"I won't be able to do it if that woman comes anywhere near me!" Maisie cried, squeezing Yolande's hand.

Yolande ordered Bessie to go back down. Then Maisie felt a rush of cold air as the high priest pushed up the trapdoor. He climbed on to the platform at the top of the tower, and, as if being pulled up by some unseen force, Maisie followed. Looking across the battlements, she could just make out the snow-clad hills in the moonlight.

The smell of a herb mixture that the high priest and some of his attendants were crushing up in a bowl, and of the aromatic sticks that other attendants were burning, suddenly made Maisie feel giddy. She heard Hedda saying, "She must face the east," and felt Yolande's light touch guiding her to the battlements.

Yolande then spoke in a solemn voice. "From this newly built tower you will fling



yourself, so that you may serve mankind as its guardian spirit against thunder and lightning. Take care that no thunderbolt or flash of lightning ever strikes this tower, just as she that is below you preserves it from storm and battle, and she that is below her preserves it from earthquake and ruin." Then she held both of Maisie's hands and said, "Maisie Llewelyn, willing victim, step on to the battlements."

Obediently Maisie stepped up, the words 'serve mankind' ringing in her ears. With her long white dress blowing gently in the wind, she held out her arms, as if she were a bird testing its wings before flying. Then she leaned forwards to leap. But suddenly a pair of hands was grasping her shoulders and pulling her back. She struggled hard to get free – she was still



determined to become a victim – but the large, apparently human hands were too strong for her. She swayed and finally stumbled back on to the platform.

At that very moment, there was a bat-like screech from one of the group. Instantly, the high priest and his followers raced to the battlements. Without hesitating, they flung themselves off and floated down to the ground, out of sight. Last to go were Yolande and Hedda, who held Maisie's hand one last time and gave her a look of regret that seemed to say, "Farewell! We have tried our best to save you from the burdens of living."

The sudden disappearance of her companions left Maisie in a state of shock. Half in a faint, she felt herself being gently lowered on to the hard stone floor. Someone was speaking to her, and even in her semi-conscious state, she recognised the kind tones of the Oxford student.

The next morning, Maisie awoke in her bed in Wolverden Hall. Mrs West was standing by the bed, talking to a man. Lying very still, Maisie tried to remember the events of the previous night.

WORD POWER

belfry – the part of a church tower in which bells hang

battlements – walls with notches in them, through which archers once fired arrows

aromatic – having a strong, usually fragrant smell

masonry – stonework

hallucinating – imagining things that are not really there

Had she really been in the vault? Did she really join the procession to the tower? She pictured herself standing on the battlements, and then recalled struggling against the firm grip of a pair of hands. She remembered seeing her friends leap off the tower, into the dark night, and the student holding her tight and covering her with his jacket. What happened next, she could not remember. How had she ended up in her bed? Then she became aware of the murmur of voices.

"Yesterday was unusually warm for the time of year, you see."

"But such a violent thunderstorm – it's not what we expected at all. I suppose the

electrical disturbance must have affected the poor girl's head in some way."

Maisie realised that she was listening to a conversation between Mrs West and a doctor. She sat bolt upright in bed and looked out of the window towards the church. Her heartbeat raced as she saw the jagged outline of Wolverden Tower, which had been half destroyed. With mounds of white stones shattered on the ground all around it, it looked as though it had been hit by cannon fire.

"What happened?" she cried out.

"Hush, hush!" said the doctor. "Don't trouble yourself about it."

"Did it... happen... after I came down?" she gulped.

The doctor nodded. "An hour after you were carried down from the top, a violent thunderstorm broke out. Lightning struck the tower and shattered it. It was such a terrible shame – Colonel West had planned to put up a lightning conductor the day after Christmas."

Maisie was at once filled with guilt. "It's all my fault!" she moaned sadly. "I have neglected my duty."

"Hush," the doctor said again. "You mustn't talk for a while. You have been in a deep trance."

But poor Maisie became agitated once again. "What about old Bessie?" she asked.

The doctor looked with surprise at Mrs West and whispered something to her.

"You may as well learn the truth," he said to Maisie. "Bessie must have been standing below the tower. She was crushed under the falling masonry."

Maisie could feel her hands trembling, so she clutched the bedclothes tight. "One more question please, Mrs West," she said in a quiet voice. "You remember the two girls that I pointed out to you in the alcove at the party and who sat beside me at the tableaux. Did anyone find them at the tower? Are they hurt?"

Mrs West took Maisie's hand and stroked it gently. "My dear child," she said firmly, "there were no other girls. You have been hallucinating. I assure you, after the student left you, you sat completely alone for the rest of the evening's performances."

THE END

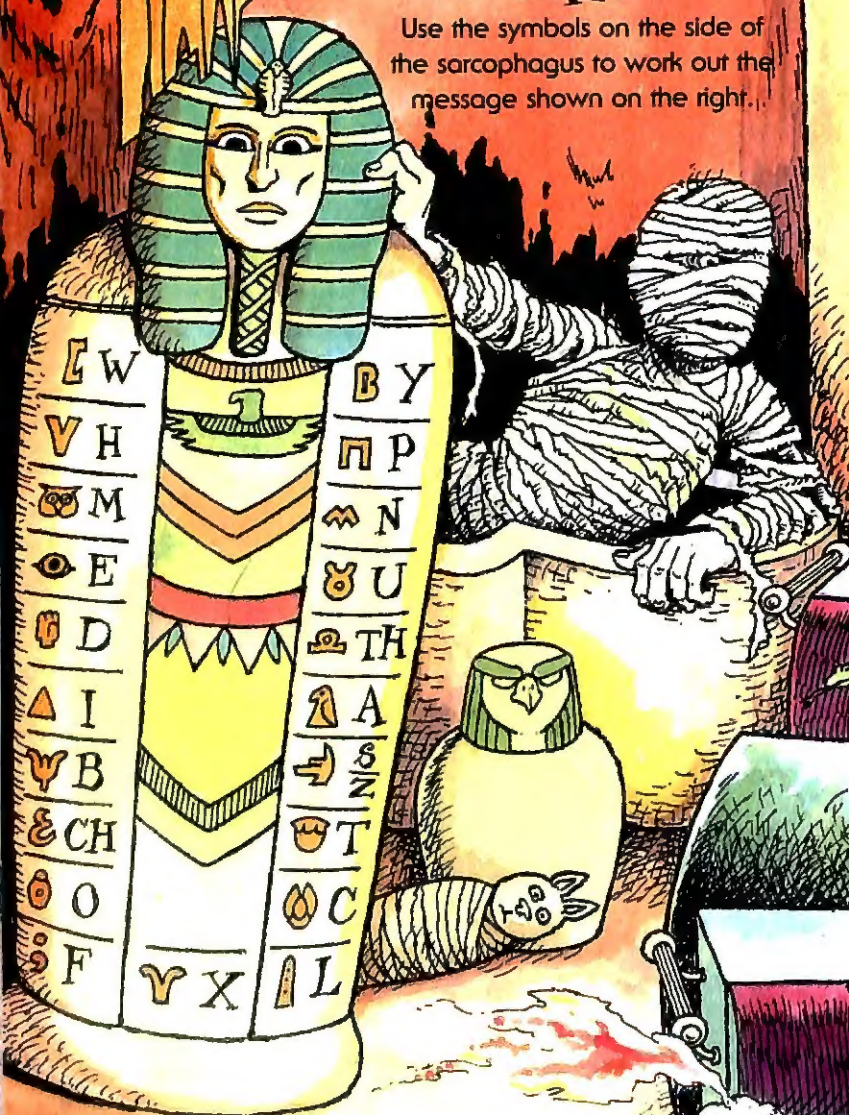


NEXT ISSUE:
The Ghost Chamber by Charles Dickens

GHOST TRAIN PUZZLES

HIEROGLYPH HALT

Use the symbols on the side of the sarcophagus to work out the message shown on the right.



EV2U 0AF UV0
0000B
0211 VΔ→
00::Δ~
?
VΔ→
→~00::Ψ0Υ

FREAKY FACTS

Some 18th-century robbers used a Hand of Glory to give them supernatural powers over those whose house they were robbing. The hand was the severed hand of someone who had been hanged. A lighted candle was wedged in the hand.

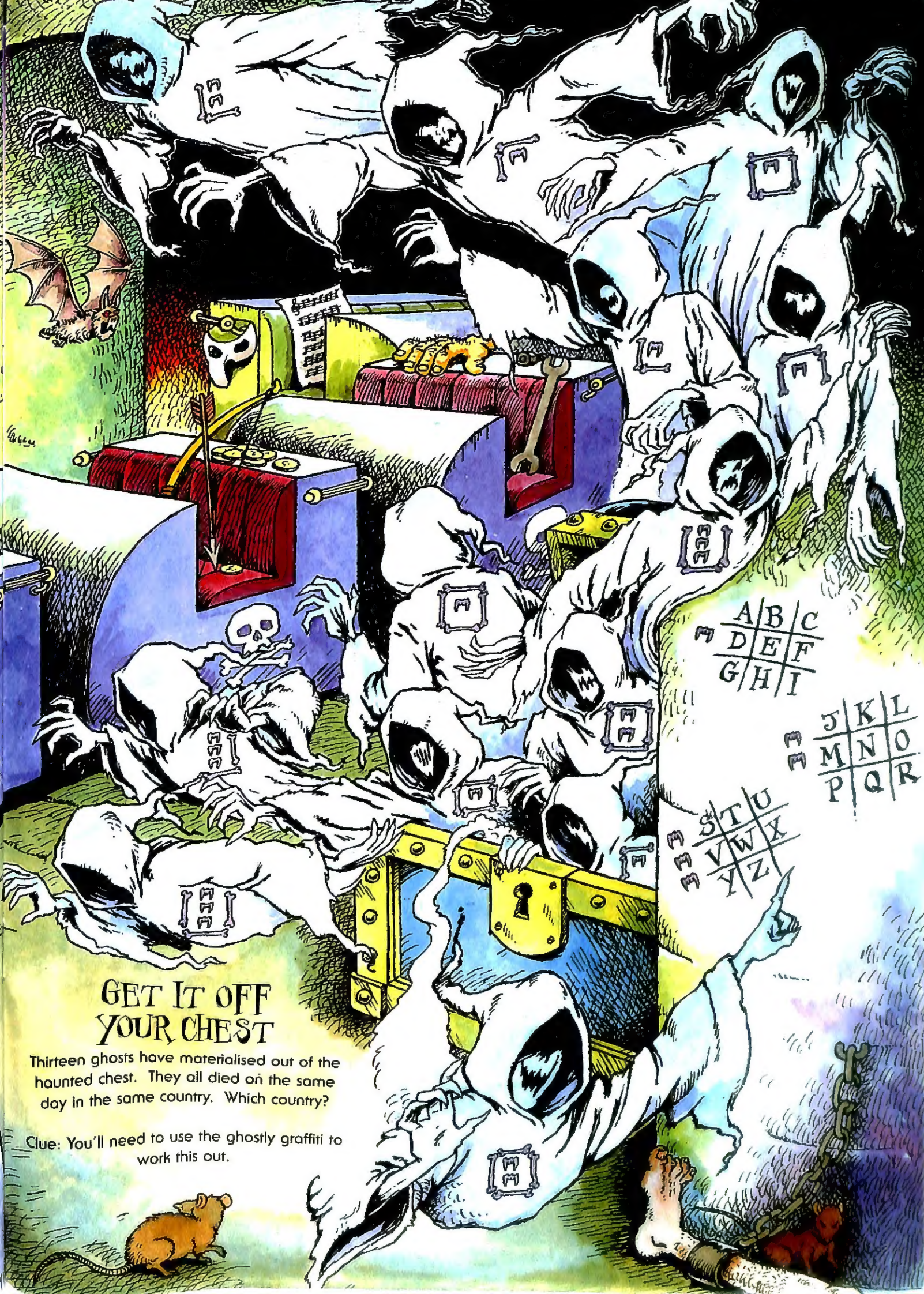
FIRST CLASS RESERVATION

It is midnight. The ghost train is shut down for the night – or is it? The carriages have been reserved by the ghosts of well-known characters – out to be spooked by the spooks! Who are they?

GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST

Thirteen ghosts have materialised out of the haunted chest. They all died on the same day in the same country. Which country?

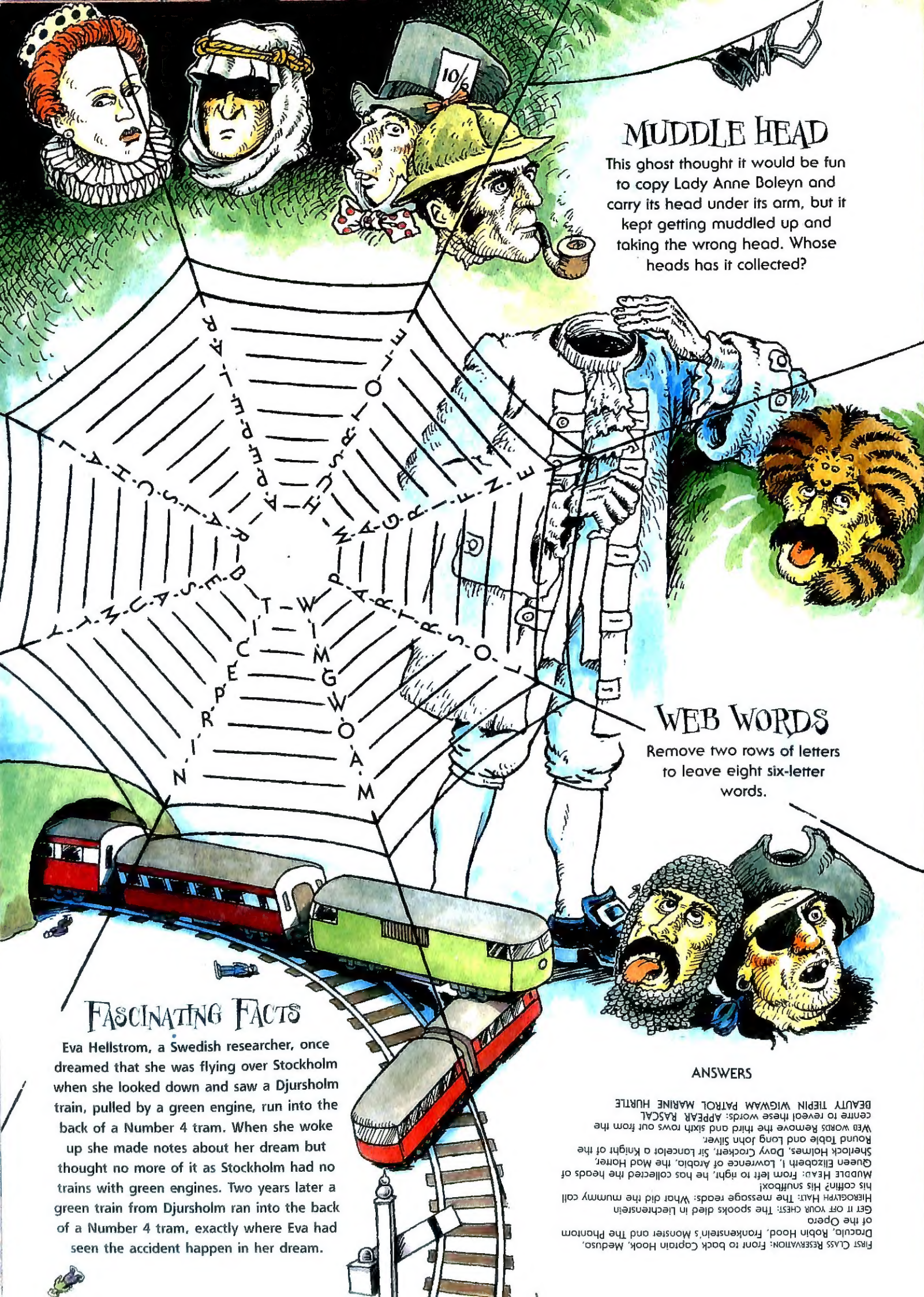
Clue: You'll need to use the ghostly graffiti to work this out.



A	B	C
D	E	F
G	H	I

J	K	L
M	N	O
P	Q	R

S	T	U
V	W	X
Y	Z	



MUDDLE HEAD

This ghost thought it would be fun to copy Lady Anne Boleyn and carry its head under its arm, but it kept getting muddled up and taking the wrong head. Whose heads has it collected?

WEB WORDS

Remove two rows of letters to leave eight six-letter words.

ANSWERS

First Class Reservation: From to back Captain Hook, Medusa, Dracula, Robin Hood, Frankenstein's Monster and The Phantom of the Opera
Get it off your chest: The spooks died in Liechtenstein
Muddle Head: The message reads: What did the mummy call his coffin? His snuffbox!
Muddle Head: From left to right, he has collected the heads of Queen Elizabeth I, Lawrence of Arabia, the Mad Hatter, Sherlock Holmes, Davy Crockett, Sir Lancelot a Knight of the Round Table and Long John Silver.
Web Words Remove the third and sixth rows out from the centre to reveal these words: APPEAR, RASCAL, BEAUTY, TIEPIN, WIGWAM, PATROL, MARINE, HURGLE

FASCINATING FACTS

Eva Hellstrom, a Swedish researcher, once dreamed that she was flying over Stockholm when she looked down and saw a Djursholm train, pulled by a green engine, run into the back of a Number 4 tram. When she woke up she made notes about her dream but thought no more of it as Stockholm had no trains with green engines. Two years later a green train from Djursholm ran into the back of a Number 4 tram, exactly where Eva had seen the accident happen in her dream.



WINGED THINGS

Sightings of giant birds, winged humans and weird flying creatures have been reported all round the world – yet there is not one scrap of evidence that they exist! No photographs, no nests and no skeletons of these winged things have ever been found. How is it that so many people have seen similar creatures that apparently don't exist? Or if they are living, where are they hiding?

THUNDERBIRDS

Ancient legends of the native Americans have described monstrous eagles known as Thunderbirds. Birds like these have been spotted throughout North America in modern times. In 1947, farmers in Ontario, Canada, saw a huge black bird with large yellow eyes and a hooked beak, preying on their animals. A year later, a similar bird was seen in Illinois, USA, by several people, including one man who thought it was a type of plane he hadn't seen before. The bird was then spotted in the area of St Louis, Missouri.

In 1961, a big bird buzzed a light aircraft over the Hudson River Valley. The pilot said it was bigger than an eagle, drifted rather than flew and looked like a pterodactyl. Could the Thunderbird be a prehistoric winged reptile? Its size and some of its features point that way – except that pterodactyls died out 65 million years ago!



▲ NATIVE FOLKLORE

Native Americans feared the rock painting of the piasa – meaning 'bird which devours men'.

KIDNAPPED!

There have been several accounts of children who have been snatched by giant birds, including a five-year-old girl in Switzerland in 1838 and an Italian child in 1957. But experts claim that there isn't a bird alive with claws strong enough to pick up a child. Nonetheless, the kidnappings continue. In 1977, a huge bird snatched ten-year-old Marlon Lowe from his back garden and flew off with him for 12 miles, before dropping the boy in the front garden. Marlon weighed about 27kg. A few days later a truck driver saw a similar bird try to steal a piglet, weighing about the same as Marlon. Some people said the bird was a Californian condor, but condors are not interested in live food, so why should they suddenly start hunting live prey?



◀ TERRIFYING TALONS

In 1957, five-year-old Maria Rosa Dauriz from Zambana in Italy was saved from a giant eagle by her grandfather.

OTHER WEIRD FLYERS

Besides gigantic birds, other strange flying creatures have been reported. Zoologist Ivan Sanderson was attacked in Cameroon, on the western coast of Africa, by a huge bat-like creature with a wingspan of 3.5 metres – more than twice the size of the largest known bat.

In the last century, a man with bat's wings and frog's legs was seen on two separate occasions flying above New York! In Chile, some workmen claimed they saw a bird with a locust's head, glowing eyes and a bristly body. Its wings were made up of shiny scales which clashed together noisily.



▲ CAT WITH WINGS!

These weird wings seemed newsworthy at the time. But no wonder the poor cat looked fed up over the fuss. Its wings were simply the result of a feline skin disorder.

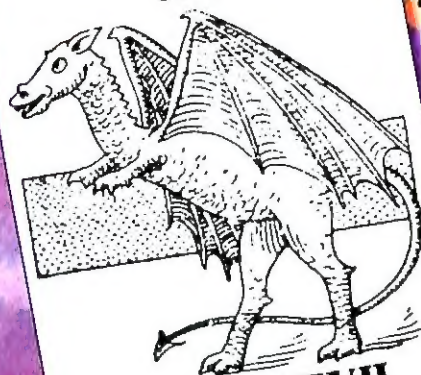
WHAT CAN THEY BE?

What can these winged things be? Could some of them be prehistoric creatures that have survived and are living in very remote areas? Could they be some freak of nature we have yet to discover – or simply a case of mistaken identity exaggerated by fear? Is it simply the power of suggestion, started by one person who thinks she saw something? Until a terrifying winged thing is caught, we cannot know.

◀ WEIRD OR WHAT?

A freak show poster claiming to have caged a 'Jersey Devil'. Several sightings of this scary, winged creature were recorded in 1909 in and around New Jersey, USA.

**9TH AND ARCH
MUSEUM**
T. F. HOPKINS MARKET
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AND HERE!!!
ALIVE!!!**



LEEDS DEVIL
Captured Friday After a
Terrific Struggle

EXHIBITED EXCLUSIVELY HERE AT
\$1000.00 A WEEK.
The Fearful, Frightful,
Ferocious Monster Which
Has Been Terrorizing
Two States.

Swims! Flies! Gallops!
Exhibited Securely Chained
In a Massive Steel Cage.

A LIVING DRAGON

More Fearome Than
the Fabled Monsters
of Mythology
DON'T MISS THE
SIGHT OF A LIFETIME.

BIG STRING OF
SENSATIONS IN
CURIO HALL.

THEATRE
GRAND CONTINUOUS VAUDEVILLE
10c ADMITS TO ALL



▲ DOCILE DRAGON OR DEMON?

Western culture has cast dragons – winged serpents – as baddies. But a recent film, 'Dragonslayer', made the point that perhaps they were just misunderstood.